

From the collections of Sydney Living Museums / Historic Houses Trust of NSW

JENNY'S BAWBEE.

I MET four chaps yon birks amang,
Wi' hinging lugs and faces lang;
I spier'd at neighbour BAULDY STRANG,
What are they I see?
Quo' he, ilk cream-fac'd pawky chiel,
Thought himsel' cunning as the deil,
And here they cam' awa' to steal
Our Jenny's bawbee.

The first, a Captain to his trade,
Wi' skull ill-lin'd, but back weel elad,
March'd round the barn, and by the shed,
And papp'd on his knee:
Quo'he, 'My goddess, nymph, and queen,
''Your beauty's dazzled baith my een!"
But deil a beauty he had seen
But Jenny's baybee.

A Lawyer niest, wi' bleth'rin gab,

Wha speeches wove like ony wab,

In ilk ane's eorn ay took a dab,

And a' for a fee.

Accompts he ow'd through a' the town,

And tradesmens tongues nae mair eou'd drown,

But now he thought to clout his gown

Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland Laird niest trotted up,
Wi' bawsen'd naig and siller whup,
Cry'd, "There's my beast, lad, had the grup,
"Or tie't till a tree,
"What's gowd to me? I've walth o' lan',
"Bestow on ane o' worth your han';"
He thought to pay what he was awn

Dress'd up just like the knave o' elubs,
A Fop eame niest, (but life has rubs),
Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,
Jaupit a' was he.
He danc'd up, squintin' through a glass,

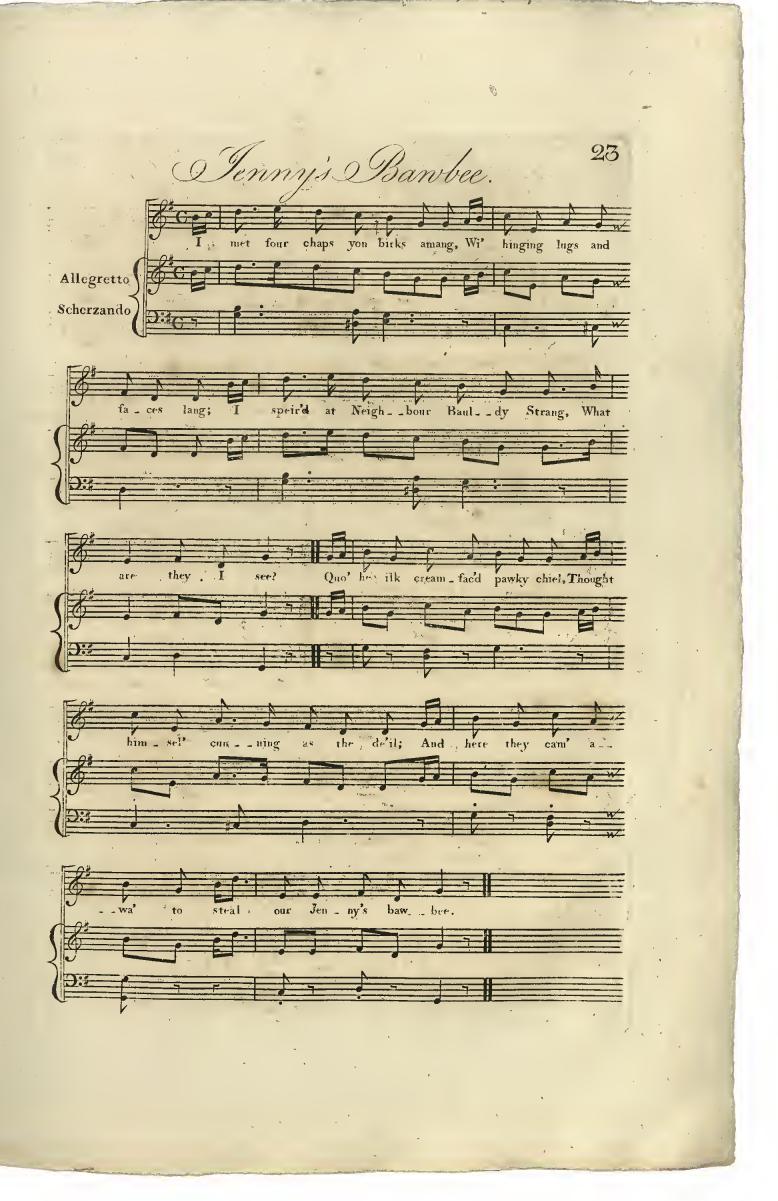
Wi' JENNY's bawbee.

And grinn'd, "I faith a bonny lass!"

He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,

The lassie's bawbee.

She bade the Laird gae kaim his wig,
The Soger no to strut sae big,
The Lawyer no to be a prig,
The Fop ery'd, "Tehee!
"I kent that I cou'd never fail!"
She prin'd a dish-clout to his tail,
And sous'd him wi' a water-pail,
And kept her bawbee!



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